The wonderful thing, on this earth, is that we are forced to feel more than to think.

Conglomeration of absurd sensations during my seasickness on the crossing; impossible to remember exactly, though the most futile sensations stretched out endlessly through the empty hours. But, for instance, certain sounds of the motor recurring periodically at rather long intervals forced me to measure the time by them; and when a new sound would occur I would say to myself and keep repeating until the following sound: "Oh! there is that cake lousy with berries . . ." and in my mind the cake was called a catafalque. At another moment, having had the misfortune to look at a detached cotter-pin dangling at the end of a little copper chain and swinging out of time with the ship's pitching, it reminded me of one of those enormous southern grasshoppers, yellow-green, with long legs, which was busy shining shoes.

And sweating, and almost fainting away, weak as a dying man in one of Edgar Poe's tales —yes, precisely, the unfortunate hero of "The Pit and the Pendulum," think: "Oh, if the port-hole would only open! Oh, open the port-hole!" and not do anything about it, and for whole minutes think of nothing, feel nothing but that: how a little sea air would feel fanning my bruised temples, and feel my volition so far, so desperately far from the wish that for once it is absolutely useless to link one with the other. Oh, misery! And suddenly, stifling, throw myself at the port-hole, clutch the bolts, turn, pull, open, and fall back half dead on the berth, with, stronger than any other feeling, the frightful discomfort of the too cold outside air suddenly freezing my moist hands at the instant when the port-hole opened.

And for a long time remain without even moving a finger, letting the sweat flow drop by drop from my forehead onto the pillow; then think, feel gradually— now frozen by the sea air: "Oh, if the

port-hole would only close! Oh, close the port-hole! . . ."

It's not only the nausea, but also the almost total impossibility of swallowing anything solid, one's glands refusing to salivate, one's muscles refusing to swallow; and the mucous membranes of the tongue and the mouth are coated with a sort of salty, insulating secretion*

Manage not to vomit, but only by dint of not eating anything.

*

Sorrento, Villa Arlotta; at Vollmcellefs

Who could describe the vividness, the somber magnificence, the order, the rhythmic beauty, the softness of this garden-orchard. . . . I went in under the shade of the orange trees, half weeping, half laughing, and fully intoxicated; through the dense branches one could hardly see the sky. It had rained; the sky was still gray; it seemed that the light came entirely from the profusion of oranges. Their weight bent the